

BOSTON'S FINE ORCHESTRA.

A BRILLIANT AUDIENCE AT THE FIRST CONCERT.

Brahms, Beethoven and Richard Strauss on the Programme. The Debut of Frederic Lamond, a Scotch Pianist.

It was an irrepressible disturbance of harmony who once described the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its conductor as "Franklin Gerike and the Welner Damen Kapelle." That was of old time, when it was regarded as good form to scoff at all musical performance that did not thunder in the preface like a Tschakowsky dream of 1812. It was not so long after Theodore Thomas fell asleep in Bach. It was about the epoch when hirsute Anton Seidl began to loose the tonal torrents of *Idello's* immolation to the discomfiture of all sopranos to whom nature had denied the vocal trumpet peals of Lull Lehmann or Amalia Materna.

We have ideas somewhat different from those we had of old. We know now that orchestras need not fire continual broadsides nor conductors say, like Lear in the storm, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks." We have learned—and we learned not a little of it from Seidl—that the message of an orchestra may be heard in natural tones and yet be more eloquent than the whirlwind. We have learned that the airy level of an ethereal art is the true home of instrumentation, and that when the thunder is called for, it strikes downward from that level like the bolt of the heavens themselves.

Refinement, polish, mosaic in nuancing, clearly outlined tonal architecture are on aesthetic food now at orchestral concerts, and where are these served in such goodly measure as at the entertainments of the Boston Symphony Orchestra? Therefore the town filled Carnegie Hall last night, when the first Boston Symphony Orchestra of the season took place. It was an audience of brilliant garb and representative musical taste, the best musical audience that Gotham has. It was made up of the people who know what is new and what is old when it does not fray out in years of wear.

The programme, except in one number, was classical in school. It consisted of the F major symphony of Brahms (No. 3), Beethoven's F minor piano concerto, known as the "Emperor," Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's tone poem, "Leonore." The pianist, who was heard for the first time in New York, was Frederic Lamond.

There was nothing unknown in this list. The second "Leonore" overture, the one in C major, is seldom played, but most music lovers have heard it occasionally. It was the first of four overtures which the composer wrote for his opera "Fidelio." No. 3 was really the second, No. 1 the third and the "Fidelio" overture in E major the fourth. The No. 2 was rewritten because certain passages troubled the wind instrument players of Beethoven's day. Those of to-day can play almost anything, for they have a more highly developed technique and instruments, with a better system of fingering.

The "Emperor" concerto is sure to make its appearance whenever a pianist desires to subject himself to one of the severest of all tests, that of playing a piece of music in which there is almost no opportunity for brilliant technical exhibition, but the largest demand for further conception and depth of feeling. Brahms's F major symphony is heard often and cannot be made wearisome by repetition. It is music of the highest, purest kind, beautiful in its thematic material, rich and profound in its development.

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godian." They were dreaming that long-lost dream of an endowed Yiddish theatre; but on the West, not the East, Side.

John Kelly, indeed the "Honest John" of the footlights, must not be forgotten. Does he ever forget himself or his accent? The rest need not matter.

When, however, Fay Templeton came into view with the husky Ethel Barrymore drawl, the delighted auditors breathed a sigh of relief. She indulged in several of her inimitable imitations—the phrase suits and saved a weary waste of antiquated wit. Even *Felix*, the dog, barked at Charles Bigelow, disguised in a make-up that suggested a combination of Mrs. L. Pinkham and the Gypsy Queen, and he wore the fatal earhorns of the soothsayer.

Mr. P. F. Daley, ponderous and glacial as ever, uttered the one bright line of the new wit, "I am a Jew." He declared that he had married his wife on an election bet. Again *Felix*, the dog, barked at Charles Bigelow, disguised in a make-up that suggested a combination of Mrs. L. Pinkham and the Gypsy Queen, and he wore the fatal earhorns of the soothsayer.

The Empire Theatre yesterday afternoon held an excellent and a large and feminine one. It was the occasion of the first performance of the nineteenth year of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre Dramatic School. Three new plays were produced by the students: "The Golden Book," by Anna Hempstead Branch, with music composed by O. Jenkin; "The True Story of Margaret Jenkins," in one act by Estella Johnston, and "Young Scoundrel," a three-act comedy by Elizabeth C. Bunker, derived from a French source.

Miss Johnston's "Margaret Jenkins" is a dramatization of C. L. Davis's novel, "The Last Appeal." It must be a gruesome work of art. Two men shake their heads and lose their hair, his fields, his gold and finally his daughter. She is a brave girl, though timid of doing and strange calls. The audience knew that the die were loaded and so witnessed without sorrow the murder of the black-headed gambler, who laughed so diabolically and cracked his whip so cruelly.

But *Margaret* is accused of the murder; her lover of complicity in it. She bears the accusation until the older man, dying, confesses all. Isabel Norrkye, a comely girl, displayed some emotional power as the daughter. She was best in the scene where he dragged her father to his bedroom. The play has a fine old flavor of blood. It is not remarkable to relate that during the various performances of the play, the skill displayed by the young women was far in excess of that of the men.

JOHNSTON SOUGHT NOTORIETY.
For That, His Fiancee Says, He Accused Himself of Latimer Murder.

It is likely that when the man who surrendered himself to the police a week ago and said that he had killed Albert G. Latimer is arraigned to-day in the Gates avenue police court, he will be branded as a monumental liar. When he surrendered himself he gave his name as William G. Johnston. The police have learned that his correct name is Ralph K. Doughty and that under that name he was engaged to marry Miss Mae Rembe, who is living with the family of J. W. Weeks at 149 Meserole avenue, Brooklyn.

She said yesterday that she first became acquainted with him five months ago and that after she had become engaged to him, she noticed that he was erratic. She added that he told her and the Weeks family so many "fanciful" tales that she became disgusted with him and cancelled their engagement.

Miss Rembe added that so far as she was concerned, John Johnston, or Doughty, did not tell the truth and he never spoke to her about the Latimer tragedy. Miss Rembe, the largest demand for further conception and depth of feeling. Brahms's F major symphony is heard often and cannot be made wearisome by repetition. It is music of the highest, purest kind, beautiful in its thematic material, rich and profound in its development.

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MASCAGNI STOPPED A FLYER.

TRAIN GOING TOO FAST FOR HIM, SO HE PULLED THE BELL CORD.

Also Wouldn't Rise at 3 A. M. and Was Late at the Theatre. He Had a Make-up That Suggested a Combination of Mrs. L. Pinkham and the Gypsy Queen.

Aubrey Mitchell, of the firm that has managed the tour of the Mascagni Opera Company, returned to this city yesterday from Boston, where the organization ended its existence on Wednesday night, and talked about the collapse of the tour.

"We did everything to make the tour a success," said he, "but when Signor Mascagni saw that the public was indifferent to him he became indignant. He would not come to the theatre until a quarter to 9. He was furious that the rich Americans he had expected to see did not attend."

"He would not get out of bed to take a shower," said he, "and he was not at the theatre until a quarter to 9. He was furious that the rich Americans he had expected to see did not attend. He would not get out of bed to take a shower, and he was not at the theatre until a quarter to 9. He was furious that the rich Americans he had expected to see did not attend."

"The orchestra refused to play because we would not make an utterly unreasonable advance of salary. We sent ten days' pay to Italy before they arrived here. Naturally, we expected them to play for ten days without salary after they arrived here. But they refused to play at the Metropolitan after they got here until we had paid them a second advance. In Boston they played less than four weeks in all, I refused it."

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CHICAGO DIVORCE IGNORED.

Man Who Wrote "Dolly Gray" Ordered to Pay \$10 a Week to His Wife.

George F. Feger who wrote "Dolly Gray" and other popular songs was in the Yorkville police court yesterday charged with deserting his wife, Willie Adelaide Feger, a singer and dancer. Feger is also a well-known actor with the stage name of Paul Barnes. The woman's stage name is Adelaide Russell.

She told Magistrate Pool that she and the defendant were married in 1895 and that he left her three years later and had only given her \$5 since then. She said that his income from royalties on his songs and his salary as an actor was about \$4 a month.

"She's not my wife," the actor explained. "I got a divorce from her in 1901."

"That's news to me," the woman declared. The defendant handed to the Magistrate a copy of a decree of divorce obtained in a Chicago court. The Magistrate read it and said: "This decree is invalid in this State as the woman was outside the jurisdiction of the Illinois court at the time of the proceedings. There was no personal service on her. I send you to jail for ten days."

The only thing to consider now is how much you can pay her. The man paid \$5 a week, saying that he received \$200 a week at Tony Pastor's where he was playing in 'Wanted.' An 'Aum.' The manager of the theatre declared that the man's songs testified that he paid the wife \$1,000 during the past year, but added: "His songs have had their day. There is no longer any demand for them and his royalties have dwindled to nothing. 'Dolly Gray' was a success, but does not sell any more."

Feger said he had been very unlucky in the show business and averaged less than \$2 a week the year round. The Magistrate ordered him to pay \$10 a week to his wife.

CONGRESS ABOUT BOYS.

Hears That Italians Are Driving Them Out of the Shins and Paper Business.

The sixth Congress About Boys, conducted by the General Alliance of Workers with Boys, closed last evening with a meeting in the United Charities Building. At the morning session Father Kinkaid, chaplain of St. Joseph's Home, Peckskill, N. Y., in the course of an address on "The Working Boy's Day," said that the boys of the least resistance, and the least resistance seems to be in the downward course. The alignments of a great city impress the young mind, as also does sensational literature.

Wuthrop T. Talbot, M. D., director of Camp Arden, Hingham, N. H., said that boys' club leaders should understand the physical abnormalities of boys. He thought that physical defects would be found to be the cause of the tendencies noted in many boys to be thieves and liars. At the afternoon session the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, who is familiar with boy labor conditions in Rhode Island, advocated abolishing boy labor entirely. The age limit could not be placed too low, she said.

C. Loring Brace, secretary of the Children's Aid Society, in a paper on "The Newboys," said that the competition of the boys' club movement has driven many boys and boy bootblacks out of business as a class, so that they do not present the problem they did some years ago. There are more than 100,000 boys in the Church of the Ascension spoke "A Good Word for Boys," as he called his address.

Samuel S. Schwartz, who says he is agent for the Atlantic Shirts Company of 115 Broadway, was arrested yesterday by United States Marshal Henkel, charged with violating the Federal law against collecting money from seamen for getting their jobs.

On June 29, it is alleged, Schwartz got \$25,000 from the Seamen's Union and Nathan Goldfarb after agreeing to ship them to the United States on a vessel bound for South Africa. The following day, the men say, Schwartz gave them tickets to New Orleans worth \$20 each, telling them he had secured places on a steamer bound to leave there on the 10th of July. Schwartz was released on his own recognizance to appear next Monday for examination.

Later yesterday a letter was received by the Seamen's Branch of the Legal Aid Society from F. C. Van Duzer, secretary of the American Society in London, stating that several earlmen arriving there had complained that Schwartz had collected money from them for getting them jobs on vessels.

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